রাজনারায়ণ বসুর আত্ম-চরিত।

তৎকর্ত্তৃক লিখিত হস্তলিপি হইতে মুদ্রিত।

দ্বিতীয় সংস্করণ।

কলিকাতা।

১৩১৯।

মূল্য কাপড়ে বাঁধা ১।৵, কাগজের মলাট ১৵০।

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TRANSIIT, NON PERIIT.

(My Grandfather, Rajnarain Bose, died September 1899).

Not in annihilation lost, nor given
To darkness art thou fled from us and light,
O strong and sentient spirit ; no mere heaven
Of ancient joys, no silence eremite
Received thee ; but the omnipresent thought
Of which thou wast a part and earthly hour,
Took back its gift. Into that splendour caught
Thou hast not lost thy special brightness. Power
Remains with thee and the old genial force
Unseen for blinding light ; not darkly lurks :
As when a sacred river in its course
Dives into ocean, there its strength abides
Not less because with vastness wed and works
Unnoticed in the grandeur of the tides.

AUROBINDO GHOSE

LEAN HARD.

Child of my Love—lean hard—
And let me feel the pressure of thy care.
I know thy burden, child—I shaped it—
Poised it in mine own hand—made no proportion
Of its weight to thine unaided strength ;
Eor even as I laid it on, I said—
"I shall be near, and while she leans on me,
"This burden shall be mine, not hers ;
"So shall I keep my child within the circling arms
"Of mine own love." Here lay it down, nor fear
To impose it on a shoulder which upholds
The government of worlds. Yet closer come—
Thou art not near enough—I would embrace thy care,
So I might feel my child reposing on my breast.
Thou lovest me ? I know it—doubt not, then,
But loving me—lean hard.

LINES WRITTEN ON READING "LEAN HARD.

Father I *must* Lean Hard,"
And lay on Thee the burden of this pain :
This murmuring impatience too—Thou know'st
Is harder still to bear : my fainting heart
Must find its shelter neath the circling arms
Of thine own deep love. Firm, clasp it there !
Take *all* my burden—Thou said'st it *shall* be Thine ;
Leaning on *Thee* I know I shall be strong.

Father ! dear Father ! I would be closer yet—
But Thou must draw me, else I cannot come.
Thine *arm* is not enough—where else can I repose
But on Thy loving breast ? Soft pillowed there
For ever let me lie ! Weary and weak,
My feet had stumbled on this rugged way,
Had'st thou not held my hand , and now I'm come
Close to the narrow stream—E'en should its waters
Roar and Waves swell high—Thine everlasting arms
Shall bear me safely through—its floods can ne'er
O'erwhelm. Father ! Thou lov'st thy child –
I do not doubt—but *will* "Lean Hard."